AN INTENSELY INTERESTING SERIAL, "THE HOUR OF CONFLICT," By A Hamilton-Gibbs

A STORY WITH A STRONG APPEAL TO ALL IS "ARTISTS AT HOME IN WASHINGTON"

THE HOUR OF CONFLICT

By A. Hamilton-Gibbs

put back the clock-to know that this was all a bad dream! CHAPTER XX .- (Continued.) with a gleam in his eyes. They threaded their way along the corridors filed with people sitting on the floor, and passed out of the twinging doors into the cool morning. It was raining as they got into a taxi and throve quickly through the empty streets. The maiden was tired—too tired to re-HE fisherman fetched her cloak

The maiden was tired—too tired to regist the strong arm which held ner close, or the lips which found hers.

There were lights in the house when they arrived. The fisherman opened the door with her key. "Has he got back."

The maiden waved an expressive hand and led the way to the dining-room. "You'd like a drink."

The isherman muttered something thing on his mind. He was filled with a craving to confide in somebody—to share the appalling knowledge which weighed him down. To keep it to himself was impossible. He must go out and find some one and tell it—speak it aloud, pour it forth.

He wanted to hide behind sympathy—to feel that some one else knew what he had done and did not shring away. He had done and did not shring away. He wanted as it were, an accomplice after

"You'd like a drink."

The fisherman mutiered something and followed.

She opened the door. There was the sound of a chair being pushed back inside the room. The fisherman saw a tall, sunburnt young man rise and come forward.

The maiden in the leopard-skin gave a surprised exclamation. "Oh," she wanted as it were, an accomplice after the fact, who would remain silent while he laid his soul bare and tried by so doing to regain some self-respect.

He felt that he would go mad if he kept it locked up in him. He couldn't go on. He couldn't face it another day by himself.

The maiden in the leopard-skin gave a surprised exclamation. "Oh," she a surprised exclamation. "Oh," she and, "you're back then, Everard? Fancy waiting up"
"Hello, mother." said Everard. He "Well?"

The handle rattled. "Hello, mother." said Everard. He nt down and kissed the check which a carelessly offered him. "Is father

His eye took in the few details of his mother's dress and then the disherman and then remained there.

Mrs. Leyden shrugged her shoulders. "No," she said, "he's still amusing him-self. Hugh, I don't think you've met my son, Everard. Mr. Wilmerton." my son. Everard. Mr. Wilmerton."

The French fisherman nodded with some amiability. It was excellently done, for his amnoyance at finding any one in the house was extreme.

"H'are you?" he said. "Is your brown that they never entered into his calculations, except in so far as money was concerned.

n or grease-paint?" calculations, ex "Help yourself, Hugh," said Mrs. was concerned. Wilmerton caught the altered tone them wit men made at race of temper. A frown crossed thing to the total control of the contr

Mrs. Leyden turned to her son. "Good

night," she said, casually.
In the sideboard looking glass Everand caught the cnan's faint smile of triumph. A kind of shiver ran through
him, and he faced round on his mother.
The words would not come as he met
her eye, and, without saying anything,
he walked out of the room and closed
the door quietly behind him.

make them alter their opinions about
him.

This was the turning point. For the
first time in his life he needed his father
and mother. He wanted to see love in
their eyes when he entered the room
the wanted to feel that he was not shut
out.

with something vital. He had believed himself to be clasping love to
his heart, and suddenly love had
changed to the grim figure of death
grinning up into his face. Death in the
abstract needs a great deal of courage
to face, but when it takes on a personal
and terrible. to face, but when it takes on a personal and terribly intimate aspect, a man must either bend or break. The consideration of death had never

He had made the bedroom his own territory, and had fitted it up just as he fiked. There were long, low Oxford chairs, quantities of books, one or two quaint bits of china, several reproductions of drawings by Sime, and on the mantelpiece a group of photographs, none of them men's. On a table by the field were pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, matches and an electric reading lamp.

The sound of water filling the bath came from the next room. He lit a cigarette and glanced around The books and pictures and photographs looked down upon him as if he had never been away. The subdued murmur of the traffic lit. ne in the square below came through the window, as it had been going an all the time, and would go on forever. though carthquakes happened across the narrow channel. Nothing seemed to make any difference. Things just went

The bath was ready. He slipped in rith a sign of relief, and lay soaking. Finally he dried himself, put on a dress-ing gown, combed his hair, filled and lit pipe, and looked around the room

His hands wandered along the backs of the books, hovered over "Kim, passed Mason, Locke, and Du Maurier, and then dropped heavily as it touched

Maupassent. De Maupassent.

He sat down in an armchair. The sail faied, and he saw a little white room with a crucifix and a picture of the Ma-

wildly in every clump of rushes. on and a great fat man with twitching hands crumpled an beside a white bed. And there on the bed Toinette, cold, her hands crossed reverently on her breast and a piece of seaweed dan-

her breast and a piece of seaweed dangling from her shoe buckle.

Everard shivered and pressed a hand over his eyes. It was useless. The hand fell limply away and he sat, his chinon his chest, gazing blankly—thinking, thinking. He went over the whole thing grain and again; his arrival and his dismay at the empty prospect before him. He saw Marthe and Jeanne smoking on the ratch of grass. he heard on the patch of grass; he heard nette's little love-song coming nearer d nearer along the road in the dim

Every detail of her-every look and gesture and expression came back to him. The adorable hours in the sand-dunes, the feel of her when he held her tight—God! what would he not give to

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cerise, for pink hair is the pink of fashionable perfection.

The fluffy neck and wrist frills are now being replaced by frills starched to the stiffness of cardboard and froned out to irreproachable smoothness. Very severe and masculine and tailor-made they are and bound to be beloved of suffragettes. Most of them are round and flare out stiffy above the coat collar and below the coat sieeve, while others take the shape of the collars affected by Dumas and Voltaire. With these the wrist frills are absent.

ARTISTS AT HOME IN WASHINGTON

MAX WEYL.

By F. E. Y.

a message.

Up two flights of stairs and then a flight covered with greene balze, and I was confronted by a little sign which sticks out from the door bearing the name "Max Weyl"-there is a little red card to indicate "out" or "in," and a pad with a pencil where one may leave

After a timid knock, just a minute elapsed, and then the door was opened by a kindly-faced, smiling old gentleman with soft, upstanding gray hair, and a Van Dyke beard, who looked exactly as courteous and considerate as had been encouraged to picture by rea-son of the little attentions for the benefit of callers fastened on the outer door. Max Weyl, sometimes called the dean of Washington painters, and considered one of the finest landscape artists in the one of the finest landscape artists in the country, is seventy-six years old, but his eyes are as blue, his manner as charming, and his interest as keen as when he permitted the interviewers of many years ago to call upon him. We stepped into a big room crowded with canvases and frames, and after I had explained my mission, we passed on into the front room, just as full of pictures. I managed to find a seat in spite of my confusion, and he methodically lit his pipe, beaming the meantime. his pipe, beaming the meantime.

It seemed as if some one had stopped
the clock for a time. Peaceful, exquisitely toned landscapes lined the walls and

obtruded from corners, I gazed brazenly, my ears cocked for conservation, and had only half taken in what was in the had only half taken in what was in the room when he spoke.

"Yes, Washington and the nearby country is very paintable," he said.

"I have found it an inspiration for more than thirty-five years—longer than,"—he looked at me and smiled again—"a longer time than you have lived," and then deftly, and to my very great astonishment, he proceeded to interview me, sidetracked only, temporarily by my onslaught upon new fields of conversation. The mention of Washington in its early days drew quite a long

ton in its early days drew quite a long statement from him, and the vehemence with which he made it unveiled a wealth of thick German accent, which a "Mudhole-mudhole, a horrible mud-

"Mudhole—mudhole, a horrible madhole—that was Washington in '6i, when I first came here to live, I was born in Germany. When I came to America first I was in the jewelry business until after the close of the war. I was thirty-six years old before I took up painting as a profession, and I am self-taught. Never had a teacher." The brow wrinkled up, the wide-set blue eyes twinkied, "and where were you born?" Checkmate! I had to confess and answer questions for several minutes, hunting for a name, a word, a turn in the conversation which would send the responsibility back on him, and make me the listener. Yes, I wanted to go abroad

ago I would hat painted each leaf, would have tried make each outline distinguishable."

Then he showe me many scenes from the coast at Gloucester, in New England, where he goes with friends in the summer months and paints the wonderful rock formations. This is only of more recent years, and probably due to the opportunities for painting in the "broad" method of which he spoke. Besides the peculiar masses of rock there is ample opportunity for brilliant coloring in this cold Northern scenery.

scenery.

Mr. Weyl is not fond of painting either marine views or portraits, preferring the more placid views of hills, valleys, and trees. Two of his paintings in the Corcoran Gallery are "Lovers' Lane" and "Approaching Night," both land-scapes characterized by a soft and alluving heauty.

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Longest Wear

TIMES WANT ADS

BRING RESULTS

CHICAGO, Jan 2—Leo Nachtsteim eats so much that his tuniny hurts all the time. He wrote to the newspapers. asking that reformed eaters tell how to swear off and then keep on the wagon.

Everard unlocked the door. The man came in. "Will you be din-ng here tonight, str?" "Very good, sir. Will you have it ere or downstairs sir." "Are my father and mother dining?"
"No, sir."
"Then I'll have it downstairs." "Very good, sir." The door closed unetly.
His father and mother! He had for-

was concerned.

Now he smatched at the thought of them with a pitiful readiness. Other men made pals of their fathers and mothers. Other men confided everyhis forehead.
"Is that for me?" he thought, "or the lad?" He went over to the side-board and mixed himself a brandy-and-board and brandy-board and brandy-board and brandy-brandy-board and brandy-bran he was an accident-a regrettable mistake. But now, perhaps, things different. Perhaps he had not tried to

make them alter their opinions about

He slipped out of his dressing gown OR the first time in his twentyfour years Everard had been little thing he could do for them when

and the man, and this was the end of his long, eager vigil! He

then sank down again.

The moon was up-a great big circle of a moon that splashed the still sea

danced and shimmered. And in the along to the rendezvous in the dunes There was no reason for him the There was no reason for him to hurry. He knew that she would be there, lat he felt that something was trying to Rech him back, to head him off, to precent him from getting there. Every step forward seemed to take itn two back, as though he were walking against a moving platform. The sand took a mallclous delight in swirl-ing into his eyes, and they hands tagged

at him from behind. Suddenly a great fat man dashed past him, frantic and sobbing, searching

with lights, countless little patches that

was followed by a tow-headed child who clapped her hands in giec and pointed and made races and then turned to Everard and beckoned him on a Continuation of This Story Will Be Found In Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Wants "Swear-Off" Data.

LOCAL MENTION. Electric Fixtures and Wiring Supplies

Electric Webster, 717 9th.

By MARGARET MASON. end of his long, eager vigil! He had never been pulled up that sat up all those hours demonent he had never been pulled up and made to think by hearing that some one he knew had died. But now, with hideous unfairness, with no warming, no time to allow him to prepare himself for the inevitable, death had suntched away not just an and this was the result! Something like despair—an utter hope-teen himself for the inevitable, death had suntched away not just an and this was the result! Something like despair—an utter hope-teen closed him round as he closed the door on his mother and Wilmerton and went slowly upstairs to his room. The suddenness of it all had made the sudden realization that his not merely was such a woman struck and the sudden realization that his numbed his brain. The journey back to London had been made mechanically. And of his long, eager vigil! He had sat up all those hours de had stitus are sitt; frill. The frill has certainly been taking one stee on the downward path him there stirts are slit; frill. The frill has certainly been taking one stee on the downward path him there stirts are slit; frill. The frill has certainly been taking one one stee on the downward path him there should the should at the throat, it fell next to the wrist, then to the waist for what is a stunt of the waist from there was the throat, it fell next to the wrist, then the waist for waist for what is a stunt of the waist from there was under the acquaintance, but the one being in all the world who had ever found a way curve. The cop pantalet. NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—Yes, you meet them at every turn, or perhaps one should say curve. The cop pantalet. New Anklet of Fur Adds Chic Appearance. While you are bowing at the feeted by Dumas and Vithese the ma

You must make each year count.

fashlonable perfection.

The fluffy neck and wrist frills are now being replaced by trills starched to the stiffness of cardboard and froned out to irreproachable smoothness. Very severe and masculine and tailor-made they are and bound to be beloved of suffragettes. Most of them are round and flare out stiffy above the coat collar and below the coat sieeve, while others take the shape of the collars affected by Dumas and Voltaire. With these the wrist frills are absent.

Soft Velour Ruffes Are

Latest Hint From Paris.

If you have a last season's gown of charmeuse or crepe de chine that needs furbishing up, the addition of two violet ruffles midway of the skirt above the knees will transform it into a 1913 model. These soft velour ruffes are, indeed, charming additions to an afternoon gown, and are quite the latest of the date hints from that dear Paris.

Ostrich feathers are coming into their very ages of the stiff of an advancer when he greatest landscape painters in the world in this country; the French confess it openly; it is the opinion of experts.

"I have painted Rock Creek Park for many years, the Potomac flats, and scenes from the Potomac river. I used to do a great deal of sketching up near the process of the special or the process of the sale hints from that dear Paris. Ostrich feathers are coming into their very the process of the stiff of an angle with interest again, and the process of the stiff of an angle with the star throught to show it to me. But I told him I wanted to know more of an am and and maswer duestions which would send the responsibility back on him, and make me coilege and the river in 1881, which we he is to go abroad and right on to "Did you study abroad the restant of time? Do you know the wall, whether or not he thought Washington had beguited and right on to "Did you study abroad the restant of time? Do you know the wall, whether or not he washington. I won't say there are thought washington had been thought washington. I won't say there are thought washington. I won't say th